

All papers forwarded to foreign countries will be 87 10 per annum, which covers the American postage and the expense of forwarding. All papers for American or foreign postmen will have U. S. postage paid on them, which will prevent any American postage being collected on them. Persons who forward papers to foreign countries can have their papers forwarded through the Hawaiian mail.

RATES AT WHICH ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE CHARGED.

Advertisement rates (first insertion per issue) ... 10cts.
Business cards, not exceeding five lines, per annum 5cts.
(Each additional card) 10cts.
Business cards, five lines in all 10cts.
Business ads., (not exceeding one column) first insertion, 100cts.
Each subsequent insertion 50cts.
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged at the following rates, payable at the end of each quarter.

For one separate line, the space of one column, per quarter 25cts.
For one-half of a column, per quarter 82cts.
For one-half of a column, per column 82cts.
For a whole column, per quarter 250cts.
For a whole column, per issue 25cts.

Commercial Advertiser.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
HENRY M. WHITNEY.

Sewing Machine:

On, the new "Sewing Machine."

With a shuttle white and bright,

And a shiny pool of thread,

A woman sat in the dim light,

Her eyes neither heavy nor red.

Close—close—silence—

She sat in her dark skirt,

With her fingers on the machine to quicken,

She finished a beautiful shirt.

Stitch—stitch—silence—

And never a tear in her eyes;

For, long ere the stars shone over the east,

The singer in a voice of liveliest pitch,

All done are the garments of flaxen wove—

The mother is a dear little wife—

Now "nothing but play to stitch."

"Sew, and guess, and hand!"

No more cause remains to weep;

No more cause remains to weep;

No more cause remains to weep;

"Sew, and guess, and hand,"

Hand, and guess, and sew!"

And buttons off! now I'll sleep,

And rotins away in my dream.

"O men with sisters dear,

O men with mothers and wives!"

Wail singing merrily it is clear,

With the bellows of the women's lives.

The sewing singer need only be sped,

Using never the "double thread,"

Whiles some shewd shawl and skirt.

Dance—all done the work—

Ere don'tander's high—

Dance—all done the work—

so when the weather is bright,

And make me the care,

And make me the care,

I've time to gape on other singer backs,

And with them great the spring.

I have time to breathe the breath

Of the sky above my head;

And the grass beneath my feet;

And every passing hour—

Most gratefully I feel!

To my time and sight a slower,

This is so soft clicking steel.

So I sing of the machine,

With my mouth full tat tat—

And a pocket full of tat—

Of the need things I do,

And have plenty of time to brush the dirt—

And never a hour to shed a—

For the light eching stit it stishes the shirt,

Unwashed my hand and head.

—Selected.

VARIETY.

Knowledge directs practice, yet practice increases knowledge.

Labor drives away three of our most inveterate enemies, viz: ennui, vice and poverty.

Bitches, like manure, do no good till they are spread.

If he compares himself with all that he can see, is it not the zenith of power; if he compares himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

Love is a lively romance; marriage is flat history. A married man has nothing farther to expect; he must sit down quietly and wait for death.

Only bachelors should know how to live.

Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity.

A gentleman undertook to carry a jointed linnen-party, not did the walk awkwardly. "You shall not be my joint-exenter," said his next neighbor.

"What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."

"Potatos," said Pompey, conversing with another german, "is a harbinger—zoological vegetable, which grows all under ground, and when it is cut, it smells like the earthy taste of the potatoe."

It is a good business to have a husband, and all good husbands should know how to live.

"Misfortunes are born, bitten which frequently rest upon the lighter top of mind when it has been closed and sickened by the waves of prosperity."

What is that?" asked a teacher of a little girl, pointing to the letter X. "Why, that's papa's name; I've seen him write it even so many times."